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U.S. DISTRICT COURT
ELKINS WV 26241

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Groh
Trumble

'Rogue Agents in the National Observatory 1st Line of Defense'

U.S. District Court serving the Northern West Virginia area,

For 22½ years, Sally Melloncamp (a.k.a. Meg Ryan, a.k.a. Mary Hyra) along with her affiliates, incessantly drugged, poisoned, molested, raped, physical growth prohibited, lung destroyed, eye grinded to permanently blacken, bowel ruined, reproductive organ destroyed, & brain damaged, along with a slew of domestic terrorist activities through the **National Observatory 1st Line of Defense** technology. To this day, Mary, along with her affiliates, poison my lungs with pollutants through this technology.

I took an oath to defend the U.S. Constitution against all enemies, foreign & domestic. I mailed, emailed, & faxed similar documentation to the F.B.I., D.H.S., C.I.A., & the White House, along with leaving extensive comments through their comment lines extensively. The Dept. of Justice was contacted extensively concerning the matter as well. Because of falling near death often, believing my circumstance needed to reach the government, though the Secret Service has nothing to do with this terrorism, I faxed & contacted them extensively as well.

Mary Hyra & Tom Cruise (a.k.a. Mike Brown, son of Mr. Lomax) believe I raped **3** of her daughters, beginning in the late spring to early summer of 1992 in Keyser, WV, to their daughter Kristen Stewart, in the spring or summer of 1994 to Mary & Mr. Snyder's daughter Jessica Snyder, who is now known as Allison Mack (my old best friend, Justin Snyder's little sister), & in the summer of 2005 in FT. Hood, TX, to Mary & James Carrey's daughter Christine (I forget her last name). They drugged me with ruphenol well over a 1000 times. For 11 separate 10-15 minute sessions, they grinded their fists back & forth, applying excessive force into my eyes, permanently breaking the capillaries apart to always leak blood to the surface of the skin, giving permanent dark circles. With ammonia, smoke, flatulent emitting tanks, & a skunk spray through this technology, while conscious & unconscious, they destroyed my lungs. Though I ran over 240,000 miles in my lifetime, up to a rate of 45 miles without a break for a great extent, I now have horrible respiratory dysfunctions, due to their emissions. From the age of 9, throughout childhood, adolescence, & adult life, they, along with their affiliates, both young, old, & middle aged approached, saying they would "destroy" an organ, & afterward, I would commit suicide. After informing of drugging me with serzone from the age of 9 on, after a ruphenol drugging, I would experience horribly discomforting hallucinations of the 1st plateau in psychosis, which is what

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alcoholics, going through withdrawal in detrimental tremors, experience. As a child, I could only hope psychoses would quickly pass.

The initial history of contact is listed from the 3rd through the 9th page. Known criminal activity entails from the 9th through the 12th page. Their constituents known are listed on the 13th page to the best of my knowledge. Thank you for your service.

'Rogue Agents in the National Observatory 1st Line of Defense'

In 1992, in Keyser, WV, on 'radical hill,' in the circular parking lot, during the spring or early summer, I stood close to my friend, Marcus Allen, somewhere around noon to early evening. A man I had never met, David Cokeley, gave the most hateful stare a stranger had ever given me projecting rage. He stood 30-50 yards away. As I viewed it hysterical, with a curious taunting look, I stutter stepped twice forward to the left with my hands open facing inward about mid-waist, & then twice to the right with my hands located likewise, at which point, he sprinted toward me as fast as he could, while Marcus laughed hilariously. I had never had an adult chase me like that, so I sprinted down a hill to my mother's apartment where I was residing. I told her some guy was chasing me, & he was really angry, so she better come outside to see what's going on, since I had no idea what was happening. I would not know his name until I'd work with him performing routine traffic control as a flagger for Protection Services, Inc. from mid-March of 2010 through mid-September of 2010. He came down the hill repeatedly yelling, "He raped my daughter!" I said, "I don't even know what that word means." My mother reiterated, "My son is 9 years old. He don't even know what that word means." He hesitated, & slowly backed away ascending the hill... The next day, a knock came to the back door. With my mother sitting at the kitchen table beside it, I answered... It was him. A woman followed, who I identify now as Sally Melloncamp. Very angrily they entered, & I ran back in the living room. I can't recall the conversation, but I know my mother was scared. I went to peek back into the kitchen to see. Their backs were facing me as they were tilting my mother's head back, putting what seemed to be, an injection from a syringe, up her nose. Dave stomped into the living room, so I ran upstairs. I remember feeling all our lives were at risk. My 2 brothers, Jeremiah, at age 6, & Aaron, at age 4, hid themselves. Dave infuriately asked, "Who else is up here?" I replied, "We're the only ones." Aaron had just come out into the hall. He reiterated the question, making me consume a small watered drink of what I later in life, realized to be Ruphenol. Demandingly, he then had Aaron consume a small drink. Believing he would hurt us if it wasn't consumed, I told Aaron, "Just drink it. It will be alright." Then Jeremiah came out of hiding. Dave again asked infuriately, "Who else is up here?" I said, "He's the youngest. We're the only ones up here. I promise." He had only a small amount of drink left to give Jeremiah. After this, we were taken downstairs to the living room. They retrieved mother, commanding her upstairs with them. As she was going up, in an effort to hide her fear, she said, "Don't be afraid, boys. Everything's going to be alright. I'm just (she released a frustrated breath) going up here for a minute. You boys wait down here." My mother cried while being raped as Sally stood by upstairs. "Please don't do this with my boys downstairs," she cried. "Your son raped my daughter. How does it feel to be raped," Sally asked. "My son is only 7 yrs. old. He didn't rape your daughter. He

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can't. He's too young," she cried. I was 9 yrs. of age at the time. Sally believed I was 12, having just raped her daughter. Sex sounds followed. I have no recollection of the rest of the evening. The next day, my mother asked what had happened the day before, if we remembered anything, or if she had anyone over. We told her we didn't know. She said, "Well that's weird. I don't remember the last 2 or 3 days. God." That day, shortly after, I & my brothers went out to play. As we stood in the middle of the road next to Phil Scheppe's small convenience store, Jeremiah asked if I remembered what happened. I told him, "I only remember a little." He said, "Mom got raped... Did mom get raped...?" The only way at 6 years old, he could say that, I believe, would be if he heard them say it. I told him, "No. Mom didn't get raped. She's alright," trying to sound convincing. I could tell he didn't believe me. Just then, Sally came around & gave him a small drink. Because I felt she & Dave would kill our whole family if he wouldn't drink it, I told Jeremiah, "You should drink it. You should drink it." Shortly after consuming it, he said he was feeling sick, so he went home, & according to mother, slept most of the day. I felt that if I told anything to the police, we would all definitely be murdered. Initially, we were very intelligent, having attended a private Baptist school known as Calvary Christian Academy, located in Cresaptown, MD, which was 2-3 yrs. ahead of our local Keyser Public School system, depending upon which grade school level you were at. However, after the significant ruphenol overdosing, we were significantly brain damaged. Our speech became less intelligent, as we had an inability to pronounce words accurately. Our reactions were significantly slow, & memory retention of new information became horrible. The next day, Jeremiah cried outside of our apartment in the parking lot to me. "I was really smart, & now, I can't remember anything anymore." "You are a brilliant kid. I know it's not fair, but we've got to try as hard as we can to get back to where we were in schooling. We have to give 100% every time." Around a week afterward, I was near the corner of Ridge St. & Richmond St. on 'radical hill.' Sally Melloncamp (a.k.a. Meg Ryan) & Tom Cruise, wearing hooded sweatshirts on a warm sunny day with their hoods up, as if concealing themselves, called me over, saying, "Because you raped, you are going to have a really hard life." At the time, I didn't recognize her from the previous encounter, knew nothing of them, & couldn't recall anything that happened, so, giving them a 'you're weird' look, as unknowledgeable of what rape was, I goofily & slowly backed up making a reply I can't recall. A couple of days later, Jeremy Goodwin (Sally's son) hatefully asked if I raped his sister. He repeatedly said, "Just admit it." "I don't even know what that word means, so why do you keep asking me it?" Just as he drew back to punch, a friend of mine, Brian Grubbs, came around the corner, so he ran away. 3 to 4 intermittent days afterward, Jeremy would angrily ask if I raped his sister. They left 'radical hill' after that, so I wouldn't see him again until I visited Troy Wilt's house a couple of years later. After their terror plot, I would often collapse to the floor of my mother's apartment for 5-15 minutes from an extremely sharp, electric-like, shock running up the back of my neck. They showed up when I went to sleep, awakening me to be drugged by ruphenol, so they could place something in between my jaws, neck & shoulders, elongating my neck. I've never knowingly been tazered, but if she had access to the '1st Last Line of Defense Government Observatory Plane' technology from 1992 through 1995, I believe she's the only reason I would lie on the floor for that long from a back of the neck shock. Somewhere around a month after the brain damaging, outside of our apartment, next to the steps that goes down to the High Rise building for the elderly, Robert De Niro stood. Just as I looked over at him, he said, "Whew, you really learned a lesson. Didn't you kid?" He smiled, saying, "You fu*#ed with the wrong family. You don't wanna fu*# with my family kid." I looked down & walked away. Earlier on in my childhood, my grandfather Wayne Oates had a conversation with me, of which I was to keep a secret. From the age of 7, I've kept it until now. Without meticolulating, to

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sum it up, he mentioned his family was into something bad, so he secretly married outside of the bloodline, so his future family wouldn't have to deal with a lifestyle. He mentioned his relative, who I believe was his brother; that he would offer me a gift, so if I was to receive the gift, I would have to enter into the family, & though it was my choice, he said that I should turn it down. Mr. De Niro approached shortly after, offering an expensive watch as a gift, of which, I turned down. Shortly after, he offered Jeremiah the same gift, which he also turned down. In between '92-'95, Mary stood next to me by my grandmother's house on Albert St. aside from Stony Run Rd., saying she gave my grandmother Weasenforth diverticulitis, & that she would give I.B.S. to my uncle Hal Weasenforth. Throughout my childhood, adolescence, & adult life, she continually said, "I will ruin your bowels, & you will probably commit suicide. It's a scary thing to fall into the hands of multi-billionaires with a technology," & "It's a scary thing to fall into the hands of the mafia." Mary would threaten to destroy my friends' brain health, & would threaten to destroy the one I loved the most (Jessica Snyder a.k.a. Allison Mack), for 23 years. Though she requested my being with her in 1992, '93, '94, '95, 2000, 2001, 2005, 2007, & 2010, I would have to deny, separating from her, so I wouldn't jeopardize her life, as a schizophrenic multi-billionaire in the 1st Line of Defense would continually threaten to destroy her life if I entered into it, or informed her or her family of anything concerning her terrorism. This would be the most painful of experiences I could endure.

2 years later, in Troy's house on Maryland St., there was Jeremy, though I didn't recall him. He turned in my direction very attentively with an angry flushed face. "Don't worry about him Weasy. Let's go," & Troy opened the door to leave. "Who is he?" "Don't worry about him," he said. 2 years later, Troy would tell me on the front porch of my residence up the street from his house, "I'll only tell you this once Weasy, so remember it for the rest of your life. If Jeremy Goodwin ever tries to become friends with you..., don't. Don't become friends with him." I asked him who he was talking about. I told him I had never met him. He said, "You met 'em. Don't worry about it. Just remember the name. Don't become friends with him." "Alright?" "Alright," I said, & with a wide-eyed, weird look, I slowly added, "I'll never forget that name."

After the 'hill incident,' in Calvary Christian Academy, in my 3rd grade classroom, at age 9, as our teacher Mrs. Bragg had us all sit with our desks facing inward, making a circle to read aloud, a woman (Mary Hyra, who I didn't remember at all) came for observing & assistance. I fell in love, & for whatever reason, decided to drop my pencil while fetching tissue paper from the teacher's desk to fake blow my nose, in order to ask her to pick it up with her hind quarters facing my forefront. Shortly after, I dropped an eraser. I couldn't explain what I was feeling, though I felt it was perfect for me. After retrieving the eraser, she asked my teacher if I could speak with her out in the hall for a quick second. I went out. She offered a tiny container of drink. I can't recall the conversation, though I met a student from another school, who I immediately considered brilliant (of whom I now identify as Michael Rosenbaum). That day, I went home sick with an upset stomach, & the excited energy from the tiny drink led me to believe later on, it was an espresso. I had a continual problem with flatulence after that day... Sally continued observing my class a short time after. Apart from them, she introduced me to an intelligent, gorgeous girl, whom, out of an effort to make her laugh, I asked, "Would you like to make a mud pie with me?" She assumed I was below her intelligence, needing a few years to mature before we could associate. I passionately regretted the dumb act of course, & Sally with Lillyannah Snyder (a.k.a. Kristin Kreuk) left.

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In 1993, in my 4th grade classroom, Sally Melloncamp entered as a substitute teacher at Calvary Christian Academy. Only to myself, as classmates exited our classroom for a break, did she politely offer a tiny container of drink, which again horribly messed up my stomach, causing excessive flatulence. Afterward, just outside of class, she mentioned my fingers would be strengthened if I used the brick wall, applying pressure with the hand phalanges bent to the left & right for extended periods, which was both moronic & hilarious. She even gave around a 10 second demonstration inflecting insistently that I try it, in an effort to significantly weaken my hand phalanges. I thanked her for the thought, & watched her mysterious leaving. In '94, in my 5th grade classroom, Sally Melloncamp, who I again, would not remember from any prior meeting, subbed in for an "Arts & Crafts" class. This time she was not in a good mood. She began making subtle, angry notions of warning, concerning something bad that happened to her daughter. We inquired of the matter, so she returned with infuriately repressed, threatening inferences, concerning someone in particular in our classroom. As subs would do in this class, she gave us a very small drink. I & Stephanie Dodd, a classmate, courageously began defending the class, inferring that maybe she didn't know what she was talking about. That would be the last time I would see her at Calvary Christian Academy, as Stephanie Dodd's father, Pastor Dodd, our 'Bible Studies teacher,' made sure she would never again enter our classroom. Strangely, when Stephanie & I, along with the rest of the class, had a conversation about it the next day, no one could recall much, as if it had all been a blur to everyone. Somewhere around a month afterward, standing outside of Radio Shack in Keyser, waiting on my father, she approached, saying she was going to ruin my bowels, & I would probably commit suicide. She then looked in the store, abruptly leaving as she most likely saw my father coming out. He asked, "What did that woman say to you?" "I don't know, but she is in a terrible mood," I replied.

In 1993, my best friend Justin Snyder (another classmate at C.C.A.) had me over to his house in Bel Air, MD. He & his parents were speaking in the kitchen, & I momentarily stepped into their living room looking at the pictures hanging on the wall. I was looking at one of his sister Jessica (a.k.a. Allison Mack), when, out of either the '1st Line of Defense,' or out of a cloaking device, a woman from nowhere, whom I identify as Mary Hyra, began speaking behind me, concerning the girl I was viewing. I considered it hysterical that she could be so ghost-like in interjecting, so I played the nonchalant 'we've been aware of each other ploy,' going along with it. She said, "I'm thinking about putting her on television." "I think she would be perfect for it," I replied. She made a comment of a facial surgery to give a lift, which I disagreed with, & at that point, she vanished as Justin's parents questioned from the kitchen if I was talking to myself. I played it off, replying, "Oh, I was just saying these are some really nice pictures you've got here. I was just looking around." When Justin left Calvary Christian Academy after 7th grade, Mary was there, leading the way. I now believe she might be their aunt. I was upset at their leaving, but happy for their opportunity.

In 1994, at age 11, while residing at 96 Maryland St., in Keyser, Mary, who I thought I had never met, appeared out of nowhere in the hallway of my father's apartment, telling me not to inform him she was there. She offered a small drink. In thanking her, I replied, "This will be our little secret." She asked, "Have you ever made that little thing hard?" "What little thing...? Have I ever made what little thing hard?" "Down there." She pointed to her crotch area, implying my reproductive organ. She said, "Come on. Make it hard for me... Pull your pants down." I told her I didn't know what she was talking about, & asked, "How do you make it hard?" Nervous & unknowledgeable of an erection or anything pertaining, I mustered the courage, pulling my jeans down with undergarments. She then maneuvered

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her hands with my organ until I was erect. Grasping, she squeezed hard, & I painfully shot out, becoming limp. She flirtingly smiled. "I will see you again," & turned, mysteriously disappearing. This acquainting continued numerous times afterward, either presenting herself from a cloaking device or from the G.O.P. with an added slow, inverted, circular testicle squishing technique, requesting I keep the secret. I would lose memory of our interacting with the small offered drink, to later faintly recollect, upon being presented another the following session. On the corner of Maryland St. & the alley behind Domino's Pizza shop, Sally angrily approached with a calm state inflecting of non-chalance that she had given me Staph infection, of which, I would have for life. She said people get it from jocks, who use weight rooms, who don't wash. I knew nothing of the infection, realizing she was truly sick with the dumbness. Her son Jeremy Goodwin approached directly after as she walked off, saying, "Hey, I gotta question. If you were to make a show off of anything, what would you make it on. I mean; what would you make it about. Looking around at the buildings nearby, I said, "I would make about how everything is made. I wanna know how these houses are built; everything. I want to know how it's all made – the roads; everything." What would you call it," he asked. "How it's made," I replied, & surely enough so many years later, one of my favorite shows hit the big time.

In the beginning of my senior year, Sally, came through the gymnasium doors of Keyser High with a picture in her hand. She was alone, searching for something or someone, so I thought it appropriate to introduce myself. She held out a picture, saying, "This is my son. I'm thinking of bringing him here to Keyser High." Also at this time, I didn't recognize Mary or Jeremy. I took a look at the picture. "He looks intelligent. He should fit right in. Good looking guy too. Yea, he should fit right in." I then asked a classmate, Natisha Dante, to assist her, who turned her over to Principal John Haines. I met Jeremy Goodwin in my senior year at Keyser High during the early football season. He was an intelligent, incredible athlete. We soon hit it off, becoming good friends, or so I had thought. He drove an '85 Ford Mustang. In his vehicle, one sunny day, during the early spring of 2001, on the corner of Ridge St. & Virginia St., atop 'radical hill' near the church, he began further detailing a story, he had lightly brushed across, concerning the rape of his sister, of which, he told me to keep a secret. He said, "In 1992, during the spring or summer sometime, my sister was raped..., & don't tell nobody this. Alright? Promise." I promised. He said, "Supposedly, Heath Wilt raped my sister over there by that church somewhere." He projected anger in a vehement venting, which I understood as a scapegoat effect, directed toward myself. Because many horrible happenings occurred in my life up to this point, I still didn't associate this occurrence with my childhood until later in life. According to him, supposedly, his dad shot up the Wilt's residence with a handgun, & I remembered hearing that Mr. Leo Wilt had caught a bullet in the leg on 'the hill' way back. Leo's youngest son, Troy, later in life, mentioned he was supposed to keep a secret of a plastic surgery, hiding the scar from the bullet on his leg, a woman had paid for to keep him silent. Jeremy said his dad went to prison, his mother went to a schizophrenic ward, & his siblings went to foster care. He spoke of his 2 sisters & a brother. Only his brother (Richie, a law-abiding citizen, residing with him in the T.L. government-assisted apartment for foster kids behind the Keyser House back then) was he able to be in contact with, as they were separated together in foster care. During this year, in visiting Jeremy's T.L. apartment, I was introduced to Justin Long & Mary Hyra outside, by the corner of East Piedmont St. & Main St. Some time, shortly afterward, with only Mary Hyra & Jeremy Goodwin there, after presenting a small drink, as we were exiting the T.L. apartment, Mary told me, "I'm sorry. We made you a eunuch when you were young." Jeremy smiled with a chuckle, & she laughed. I couldn't remember what a eunuch was, so I replied, "Oh don't worry

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about it. I'm fine." Still unaware of her being his mother, I would not add everything up until much later in life.

In Ft. Hood, in 2005, during the summer, I met Christine by the de-fac. She approached me, saying she saw me with some guys talking. She mentioned she was a chemical soldier, & this way of life was new to her. She said it was a little hard, but she was trying to get used to it. "It takes some time. I'm still getting used to it," I said. "I miss the easy life," she added. "Tell me about it. I have to tell you this. You are gorgeous." "Thanks," she shyly replied, lowering her head. While nodding, I added, "We should hang out sometime, & do something." We hung out, talked for about a week, & were going to hook up. Upon requesting my lack of alcohol consumption, she offered to attend the chapel near our barrack with me. I had recently had a conversation with the chaplain, debating his scriptural interpretations. He said Bar-Jesus healed in the name of Jesus Christ, so I took him back to the exact scripture, noting his inaccuracy, & asked for a re-interpretation. Several other scriptures were duly corrected from his original view, so he threatened a field-grade Article 15 for a lack of submission to superiority, & I left. This reciprocated in my diversion from attending the chapel with Christine. One night, before meeting her in her room, I stopped by Gustafason's (her next door neighbor) to hang out for a little while. As I was nervous of meeting Christine later, & to relax, I joined them to have some drinks. Afterward, I stopped by her room. We had an argument over my drinking for our first time being together. She calmed down. We got in bed. I asked her to pull her pants down, she did, & I penetrated. She then looked way too nervous & uncomfortable, as I was after that, (also as though I wasn't good enough), I said, "This is not going to work. You're too nervous." I immediately took it out, leaving to my room. The next day, a former NCO who had recently been busted to SPC, whose name I can't recall, came to my room, pounding on the barrack door. I answered half awake, saying, "What the heck." He asked, "Did you rape someone last night?" I very sarcastically replied, "What the heck. Yeah right. I raped someone last night." He yelled at the top of his lungs. "Everyone out of their room," & began pounding on everyone's door. I went to SPC John Diaz's room, telling him what the former NCO was saying & doing. He told me to hang tight in his room. About 5 minutes or so afterward, Diaz went to talk with him. Everything calmed down. For breakfast, we went to the de-fac, so due to 2nd or 3rd servings, upon returning by myself, Illyannah Snyder (a.k.a. Kristin Kreuk) approached, saying, "Hey, wait up." "Yeah," I replied. She put something on my left hand which caused an immediate dazed feeling. "Did you rape my sister," she asked. I said, "No. You've got it all wrong." I didn't know Illy was Christine's sister or Mary's daughter. Illy angrily stomped off to a parking lot aside from the defac. I went toward the barrack, catching a conversation with my roommate Joseph Soto. Somewhere along the line, he said, "You see that girl." He pointed to Christine. "Why don't you hook up with her?" "She is really attractive..., but she's too..., (shoulders shrugging) innocent." I went back to my barrack. NCO's were asking around if anyone knew anything about a rape happening in the barrack. The next day, they called Michael Neitsch & I (a fellow 181st Chemical Company soldier) over to the 46th Chemical Company side of the barrack, next to the 'Charge of Quarters' area to look at a picture of a suspect who raped a soldier hanging outside the barrack. They asked if we recognized him. Mike said, "Nope, I never seen him before." I likewise said, "No - never seen him." As Mike was leaving, SSG Cook called me over. Another NCO, standing next to Christine, stood behind us. "I need to know what happened the other night. Are you telling me you never went into that room the other night?" "I went in. We had an argument, we got in the bed, & I asked her if she would pull her pants down." The NCO behind angrily interjected, "Did he ask you if you would pull your pants down?" She said almost crying, "Yes, but." He

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interrupted loudly, "Yes, but. He didn't rape you. You got in bed with him, he pulled his pants down, asked you if you would pull your pants down." SSG Cook interjected, "Come over here out of the way." We moved over, so that I didn't hear any more of the conversation. "As soon as I was in, I saw she was too nervous, & said, I can't do this, you're too nervous, & left." "They wanna speak with you in the 'Charge of Quarters' room. Go back to your room when it's finished." "Yes SGT." There were 3 guys in black suits & ties. They told me to take a seat, & had someone bring over a small, oval, silver plate with a syringe on it, & said, "In order for us to evaluate whether you had anything to do with the incident, we need you to take this." Somewhat shocked, following a chuckling breath, I said, "Good deal." They injected something that again immediately dazed my brain wave functioning. "This will take about 15 seconds to work. Did you have anything to do with the incident?" "No. I don't know anything." "Have you heard of anything?" "Just that a soldier was raped in the barrack. They showed a likeness description outside the barrack, but I've never seen him before." "What would you do to him if you saw him?" "I would report him immediately." "Thank you for your time." I was very dazed at this point, got up, & left, returning to my barrack room. Just before entering the under passage of the building, some young girl I had never met, asked, "Do you have a mother?" I noticed an odd possible inference of a spiteful agenda. "My stepmother is like my real mother. My real mother was never really there for me." I was angry at my mother for staying with her abusive husband, Mark Lipscomb, along with other reasons. He had burnt mostly all of my baby pictures & my brother's baby pictures she had, broke the television my mother purchased for me, threatened to shoot me with a pistol, & obsessed over everything continually. Upon entering my room, my living arrangement, Joseph Soto, also questioned me concerning the matter. "Did you rape anyone?" Angrily I said, "I did not rape anyone!" "Cause I'm gonna tell ya, people get killed for that." With less passion, I reiterated, & left. Around 20 minutes later, the guys in black suits caught up with me, recommending I either go into protective custody or change my last name. "Do you want to go into protective custody?" "I don't." "Are you going to change your name?" "It's very doubtful." I went to Michael Nitsche's room to inform him what they said. "Yeah, they offered me the same thing. I said I'm not going into protective custody." Shaking his head yeah, he said, "I am changing my name though." Chuckling, I told Mike, "There's no way I'm going into protective custody, & I'm definitely not changing my name. I know you didn't do sh*#, & I didn't do anything." "That's what I'm sayin.' I know you didn't do anything, & I didn't do sh*#... I am changing my name though. You should too." "I love my name. It's my father's name. It's my grandfather's name. I can't change my name." The SPC who pounded at my door, my roommate, & three other guys, the following day, called me over to them just outside the under passage of the barrack next to my room, saying, "We're all family; (similarly, as the 1SG & NCO's always would at an 'end of the week-safety briefing.') 181st Chemical Company, 46th Chemical Company, even all the soldiers in that barrack over there. We're all family, & we need to treat each other like it." With a straight face, in a deep, goofy camaraderie way, I replied, "I agree 100% percent. We're all brothers & sisters, & even though I have brothers & sisters back home, you guys are my brothers & sisters." While already huddled close together, I stuck my hand out in the circle. "I want you guys to put in here. On the count of 3, were gonna go- 1-2-3 family! Come on, put it in here." One on top of another, they put hands in. I quickly said, "Alright, 1-2-3 family. 1-2-3 Family!" We quickly dispersed after that; each to his own room. Upon completing lunch & coming back from the de-fac, Joseph Soto, along with his friend from another unit, called me from the 46th Chemical Company barrack alongside Christine's room. She stood halfway out with her hand on the door. As approaching, I asked, "How are you guys doing?" Joey said, "Why don't you say hi." In a flirty way, smiling, I turned to Christine, & with a

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peppered inflection said, "How are you doing?" Smiling, she said, "Alright." "I was wondering what you are doing tonight- if you have any plans?" "I'm not doing anything," she added shyly, shaking her head, still smiling, & now red in the face. "I was wondering if I could come over later on. Say around 7 or 8?" Nodding with a smile, she said, "Mm-hmm." As Joey & his friend were stunned, I slowly backed away & asked, "You'll be here?" "Yeah," she said. "I'll see you soon..., around 7 or 8." With the confident nod, I waved. "Bye." She said, "Bye," as I left. Going back over to Diaz room, I told him what happened. He inflected concernedly, "Are you going to go back over there?" "No. After what happened?" "Then why did you say you were going to go over there?" "'Cause Joey & that guy called me over, & they thought I actually did something wrong to her, so I showed that she likes me & isn't afraid of me." Around a few days after, my roommate entered into my barrack room highly intoxicated as usual. He became aggressive with his ska dancing. He often started fights, though usually with others. He began talking down, saying, "Why don't you go ahead & take a swing if you think you're man enough." "Joe, I don't want to fight you. You're good at a scrap, & you're my roommate. I don't want to fight you. We're friends." Aggressively, he approached & took a swing, so I ducked, countering with a right hook. He went down to the floor for around 10-15 seconds. I gave him a hand up, saying, "I apologize. It's just, I didn't want you to think I'm a pu*#@ like everyone else. People take advantage of that. Look, I like you. I think you're cool, but I have to defend myself. I'm not a guy about my reputation, so I'm not going to say anything, so don't you say anything, & nobody will even know about it." "So you're not going to say anything?" "Not a word. I promise." "I won't say anything. You should get some rest." "I am about out of it." I didn't put much in, so at this time, his nose only had a small mark on it. He went out, putting bruises along with a cut on his ribcage, telling people he was jumped by all these guys in the barrack behind ours, so I went along with it. However, in the morning, he threw a heavy wooden chair on top of me while I was asleep in my bed. I rolled over, thinking he would laugh at what he did, letting it be over with, & went back to sleep. I speculate, sometime around an hour afterward, he removed the chair & began shaking me. Still snoozing, believing I was either being attacked or about to be attacked, since people have fought me on occasion while I was asleep; instinctually, I turned to the left with a right cross. He was stunned for around 4-5 seconds, & went to the floor. With a surprised chuckling breath, I rolled back over to sleep, in order for him to get himself together, to leave. After his departure, someone entered, waking me to inform of a group of 181st & 46th Chemical Company soldiers heading over to the other barrack behind ours to whip some tail. I went out beneath the under passage. Someone said to Joey, "Did they hit you again? It looks like your eye is starting to swell." It was blackening. I went to get a closer look in front of him. "That's messed up. Whoever did this is going to pay for it," I noted. They gathered a crowd, & went pounding on all the doors over at the barrack behind ours. No one answered of course. A few days following, asleep in my barrack room, I awoke to a punch in the testicles. There was Joey again, & this time with a knife to my throat. "You wanna fu*# with my sister? How hard do think it is for me to get people up to your house in WV to fu*# with your family? I will kill you're a*# & not lose sleep. Do you think there is a God here? God's not here. If He is, He's asleep." Trying to breathe, I noted, "I don't even know your sister. She stopped by for a short time, & I cooked both of you steaks, & they were the best steaks ever (referring to his sister from Corpus Christie, TX, who stopped in for a short time). "Don't fu*# with me," he said, pushing the knife deeper. "You fu*#ed with my family, & now I'm going to fu*# with your family. You should read your Bible, & get saved before your death." Taking the knife out from the flap of skin in my throat, he vacated the room with 2 friends from another unit I had not met. A deep cut was left, so in avoiding his mental faculty after this, I wondered what could happen next. Joe said I

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would be shot if I reported anything about the incident. Around a week later, he volunteered to go to Iraq with another unit. He was ready to defend our country... Every time I motioned an appointment to see a dentist in Ft. Hood, I was told an important unit event was taking place, of which I needed to be a part of, so I would have to cancel. However, 2 weeks after the dilemma with Christine, I was told I could finally see a dentist, because the unit didn't have anything scheduled. Upon my appointment, they called for a teeth cleaning. A master of disguise, Sally Melloncamp, posing as a dentist, though probably capable of performing a routine cleaning, took a plaque remover, & tore out enamel from the lower rear portion of my teeth. They, afterward, seemed as though they would fall out in the near future, but over a period, with sensitivity diminishing, enamel reconfigured. My stepmother, Tammy Weasenforth, overdosed on methadone somewhere around the time. Supposedly, she was coming back to health, though according to a nurse, either a piece of lung clogged the catheter airway, or the catheter tube punctured her lung, drowning her in blood, which is always possible with an airway catheter. However, my father said the nurse looked very nervous, informing him of the matter, inferring a possible malpractice issue.

The crew of Mary Hyra, Jeremy Goodwin, & Illyannah Snyder drugged me with what I believe to be ruphenol over 1000 times. For a long period, I thought they would eventually stop ruining my life. I believed if I reported them, they would take my family & friend's lives.

Coming from the '1st Line of Defense,' after placing me under ruphenol, Jeremy James Goodwin grinded his fists into my eyes 10 to 15 repetitive minutes in order to break my capillaries permanently apart in 2008, giving dark circles. He said numerous times that he was going to open Natisha Dante's nose holes up. Natisha was a girl he obsessed over in high school. She thought he was weird, trying to distance herself from him. Another time, he drugged to carve a small line in the top of my two bottom front incisors with a plaque remover, later calling to say I must have grinded my teeth too much on ecstasy, which I've never knowledgeably taken, though I believe they drugged with, making my cheeks fat when I was quite skinny. Illyannah Snyder was often with him during these visits, saying I was probably going to commit suicide. They also stained my teeth often. I repeatedly whitened. They repeatedly stained. Then I'd receive a phone call from Jeremy saying that maybe I have midnight acid reflux (which I do not). Jeremy (a.k.a. J.J.G.) broke a \$200 keyboard of mine, noting it malfunctioned because it was extremely cheap & old. Though it was extremely cheap & old, I believe he used extra pressure on the notes, causing key-note malfunction when I wasn't paying attention. I often took it apart, readjusting the rubber matting under the keys for the quick save, but his (what seemed like an envy projecting) introduction began its malfunction. Proceeding the displacement in his Morgantown apartment, following a music compilation I quickly assembled on his Korg M3 workstation keyboard as he was intoxicated, he threatened to blow my head off with his shotgun. I, of course, left Morgantown... Jeremy (a.k.a. J.J.G.), in 2008, said he was going to destroy my bowels, & afterward, I would probably commit suicide. I had been severely poisoned in 2006 by SPC (P) Morel, so my bowels were already horribly messed up. Mary continually drugged nearly every day from halfway through 2012 into 2014. They brought facial indentations out with needles, put chemicals that predispose skin to early wrinkling on my face & hands, & shaved my throat, forehead, & back of the neck, so that my facial hair would be extensive. Multiple times, Mary drugged to cause my consumption of a skunk drink, so that when I perspired over the next 2-3 weeks, I smelled of a skunk. She continually repeated saying,

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"You are probably going to commit suicide." She pumped flatulence into my lungs through Kim Smith's celiac disease, & through young calf flatulent emitting tanks with tubes pumping into my accompanying airfield from the '1st Last Line of Defense Government Observatory Plane.' After drugging, she raped with dildos more than several times, saying, "You raped my daughters. How does it feel to be raped?" I would wake up with a loose butthole as dream-like patches of memory came streaming back. From around 2-3 years ago, I ran 45 straight miles, & now, due to their ammonia emissions in front of my face while conscious (& probably unconscious) through the 'G.O.P.,' my lungs often barely regain a breath. I know what ammonia smells like, & avoiding these people has been highly improbable. Under ruphenol, she purposely aroused erections to squeeze with her hands as hard as she could till I became utterly limp, followed by a slow, inverted, circular testicle squishing, hoping to destroy another field of health. She repeatedly grinded my eyes. She influenced Dru Campbell (from Keyser) to rape me since he was an easy ex-convict target of the druid religion. She & Tom Cruise put some kind of dye on the bottom right portion of my jaw in order to make a small circular section of facial hair permanently white, which is both weird & petty. Mary & Illyannah caused the woman testing my S.A.T. at Potomac State College to give extremely low scores in all subjects, either by threatening, bribery, or simple Hollywood influence. I was above a math 91 level in the 3rd grade at Calvary Christian Academy, & above an English 91 level in the 4th grade. I believe they influenced nearly every employer & many co-workers I teamed with since I've been out of the Army, to give a difficult time and/or to lay off. Mary & Jeremy put red lines under my nose, hyper-extended my knees & elbows several times apiece, & injected me with steroids often. I believe she sterilized, & injected estrogen... Under the roof of Leon Spencer (my stepfather), I resided from September of 2012 through August of 2013. After my mother fell asleep at night, he, his brother Kevin Spencer, his nephew Matt Spencer, & his son Paul Spencer would carry me over to inhale smoke from their wood stove next to the bedroom I slept in; in the basement while under ruphenol. They would restrain so Mary could put a tube down my throat, pumping young calf flatulence into my lungs from a tank, so she could cut facial indentations with needles, & administer varied anti-psychotics, such as serazoon & others. Paul Spencer & Matt Spencer grinded their fists into my eyes increasing blood leakage from the capillaries to the surface. Through Southern Fields Maintenance & Fabrication, LLC located out of Luverne, AL, I performed routine construction at varied coal plants along the east coast. During an outage in Bucksport, ME, in December of 2013, Stan Elam (a.k.a. Stan Lee) & Matt Spencer drugged me with Ruphenol, cut my tongue with a medium bristle toothbrush, drugged me with anti-psychotics, & pumped my lungs full of what seemed to be like a car exhaust in the motel where Matt & I shared a room. During an outage at the Dominion Power Plant in Alta Vista, VA, sometime from December 10th of 2012 through December 30th of 2012, Stan Elam (a.k.a. Stan Lee) & Matt Spencer demanded I work in a room with thick arsenic for 6-8 consecutive hours without a mask in order to maintain 4 economic employments attached to the company, along with a shelter, & survive, which, in turn, destroyed my short term memory for a year afterward. I had been homeless a great deal by this time, feeling I would not physically survive if the mission wasn't completed. I believe Hyra's team put holes in the crotch of my jeans & shorts along with other clothing, & tore, urinated & vomited in my tennis shoes & steel toed boots. Mary & Tom caused me to eat no-bake/fecal matter mixed cookies, & caused a drinking of vomit more than several times, so that when I perspired, I smelled like vomit for 2-3 weeks, & so that when I flatuated, it was extra horribly odd. At different times, Jeremy made me eat his snot & boogers under ruphenol. I believe they're responsible for the theft of 100's of dollars of my hygiene products, & they continually switched my medium bristle toothbrushes out with soft bristle toothbrushes. Mary, Jeremy, & Illyannah stole intellectual property from music, of which portions or

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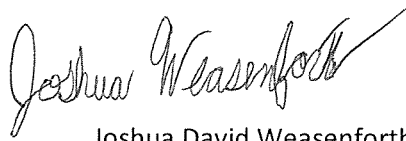
very closely related, noticeable techniques were sold to mainstream artists..., to statements, from verbal prayers to other sayings they used for varied advertisements, dialogue, & words written on feature length film. Jeremy spent a lot of time saying all my words came from movies or other mainstream media, all my philosophies were from him, & I don't have any original ideas or thoughts. I believe Illyannah Snyder or Joan Jett helped Joseph Soto steal my 'Fire & Ice Mentholyptus Enhanced Condom' patent, compliments of a highly favored eucalyptus tree, which could have brought great revenue if not sold to Trojan, though initially, distribution may have teetered. They defaced & destroyed my instruments. They used the '1st Line of Defense' technology to steal as much as they possibly could.

In 2006, in Camp Casey, Korea, Illyannah Snyder visited my barrack. She hung out with Oscar Contrarez (my NBCNCO battle buddy), & SPC (P) Morel. Shortly afterward, Morel poisoned me with a blueberry muffin in the barrack. After having loose stool around 15 times in an hour, & after vomiting around 19 times in that hour, I went to the Thomas Moore Clinic. They gave me an I.V. & finnergan, which put me to sleep for around 45 minutes to an hour. My stomach has been destroyed ever since. The next day, Morel informed me, "We gave you celiac disease." Eventually, after a while, my flatulent emission ranged from 300-500 times in a 24 hour period... One night, Contrarez said, "SPC (P) Morel wants to speak with you," so I went over to his room. Only the 2 of us were there. He showed me a teddy bear he had just received through the mail. He said inside of it was a small pouch a friend had sent him, with what appeared to me as a crystalline-looking substance. He pulled it out & laid some on a table, saying that in Columbia, when someone wants somebody to commit suicide, they cut this tree bark substance down, dry it out, break it into small crystals, cut it down into a fine table salt-like grain, & boil it in water until completely diluted, to cook someone's food with it. He said it messes their stomach up for life, & no one wants to live every minute of their life stinking, so they just commit suicide. He seemed to be making up a long line of garbage in a joking manner by means of a funny inflection, so because SPC (P) Morel was viewed as a great future NCO whom everyone loved, & because there were so many absurdities spoken in the barrack consistently at random by drunkards, if every notion was reported, a ridiculous amount of trash would have to sift, creating discord for the unit..., or so I believed. For this situation & another, of which a homosexual male soldier would have been kicked out of the military, the sieve would have done great. I assumed even if something like that existed, it would never make it through customs. After my stomach was destroyed, I believed, having no proof, they would ride me for mentioning something against the 'soon to be' Non-Commissioned Officer, & chalk my stomach impalement off to a lack of sleep, over-worrying, or another line of self-inflicted problem happening. Upon my honorable discharge, with a re-enlistment code of 1, on June 15th of 2007, with 65 days of terminal leave accrued, I took a 13 hour flight back to my part of America with the hope of getting to the VA to report it. However, being discharged in time for an economic recession, I was too impoverished to arrive at the Charleston in-processing VA. I may now finally have a ride from a grandparent whose health is in question. Along intermittent homelessness, the effort has been around 7 years in the going. A colonoscopy with a rectal exam was performed. At a young age, 4 small polyps were removed, & I was informed of having I.B.S. instead of celiac disease.

My request is simple. If they finance a conspiracy to commit domestic terrorism, using a '1st Line of Defense' technology, in destroying an innocent life for 22½ years, by incessantly drugging, poisoning, molesting, raping, physical growth prohibiting, & conducting a slew of terrorist activities, such as, lung destroying, eye blackening, bowel ruining, reproductive organ destroying, & brain damaging, among many others, they should have an arm & a leg physically removed, so that in the future, those

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who are supposed to rigorously defend, know the consequences, & this will never happen again in the United States of America.



Joshua David Weasenforth

'Rogue Agents in the '1st Last Line of Defense Government Observatory Plane'

Those Responsible: **Mary Hyra** (a.k.a. known as Meg Ryan), **Jeremy Goodwin** (son of Mary Hyra & David Cokeley), **Illyannah Snyder** (a.k.a. Kristin Kreuk, possible close relative of Mary Hyra, Joseph Soto's supposed girlfriend/mistress from 2004-2005), **David Cokeley** (supposed father of 4 of Mary Hyra's children who are listed from oldest to youngest: Kristin Stewart, Ritchie Goodwin, Jeremy Goodwin, & Lori- the youngest residing in FL), **Tom Cruise** (a.k.a. Mr. Brown or Mr. Lomax), **Brad Pitt** (close friend & possible relative of Mary Hyra & Tom Cruise), **Stan Elam** (a.k.a. Stan Lee, Matt Spencer's boss, who was my employer, running Southern Fields Maintenance & Fabrication, LLC), **Matt Spencer** (son of Kevin Spencer, nephew of Leon Spencer, who was my boss), **Kevin Spencer** (brother of Leon Spencer, possible cousin of Mary Hyra, who was my firewood cutting & loading employer), **Leon Spencer** (my stepfather, possible cousin of Mary Hyra, who was my past renovation employer with carpentry, plumbing, painting, landscaping, & janitorial duties), **Paul Spencer** (son of Leon Spencer), **Joseph Soto** (son of Joan Jett, half-brother of Aaron (Woody) Woodard, Illyannah Snyder's supposed lover from 2004-2005, & my Ft. Hood roommate of Bldg. 39036 Rm. A12), **Aaron (Woody) Woodard** (Joseph Soto's half-brother, co-worker of Matt Spencer & myself under AirTek Construction, Inc.), **Kim Smith** (associate of Mary Hyra, my prior manager with celiac disease who worked for the Dollar Tree in Keyser, WV, who stole 2 \$20 bills out of my cash register in an effort to get me fired in 2012), **Dru Campbell** (a random, poor, susceptible ex-convict/druid from Keyser, WV with schizotypal personality disorder, though supposedly diagnosed as bi-polar manic depressant, living on disability), **Nicolas Cage** (friend of Mary Hyra), **Ben Stiller** (possible relative of Tom Cruise, & friend of Mary Hyra), **Emma Stone** (friend and/or relative of Mary Hyra), **Kristin Stewart** (supposed daughter of Mary Hyra, & supposed sister of Jeremy Goodwin), & **Dave Barker** (a random guy obsessed with me from adolescence over his girlfriend/wife Ashley Grubbs-Barker, who is Brian Grubbs' sister).